

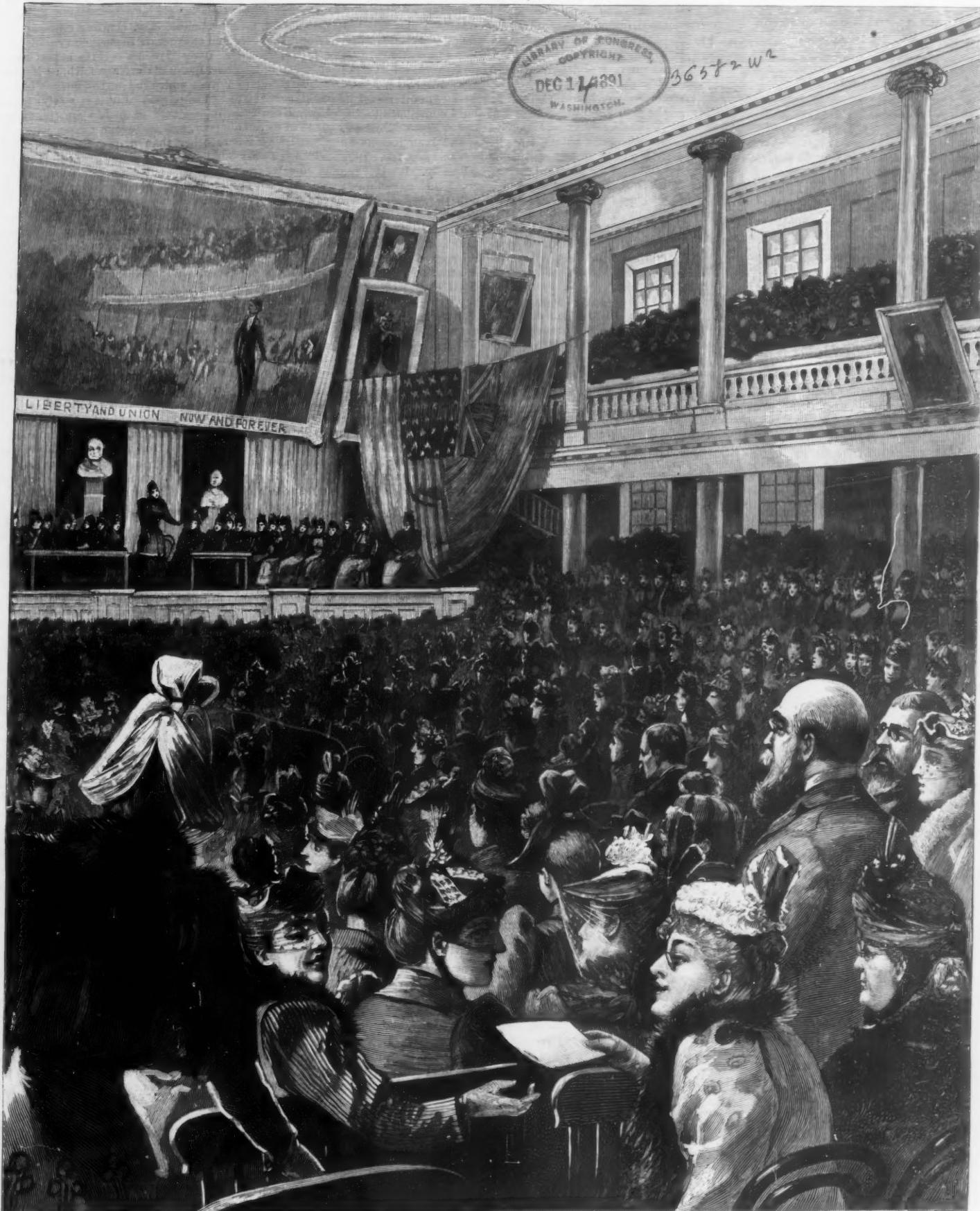
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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## THE WEEK.

- December 8—Conception B. V. M.  
 " 9—John Milton born—1608.  
 " 10—Royal Academy instituted—1763.  
 " 11—Whyte Melville, novelist, died—1878.  
 " 12—Brunei, engineer, died—1849.  
 " 13—Dr. Samuel Johnson died—1784.  
 " 14—Prince Albert and Princess Alice died—1861.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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## WOES OF THE NEW YORK WORKING-GIRL.

IN the December *Arena*, Mr. EDGAR FAWCETT fairly outdoes himself—in sensationalism, broad, striking assertion, and rather indiscriminate crusading against society and the churches—while discussing this gruesome subject. The effect of the article upon the reader is a sense of disappointment, as the last paragraph is finished. Dividing the effort into three sections, we find the first devoted to very strong, sweeping statements. Then the author relents, and the middle is made up of such modifications of the beginning, and relapses into such very trite commonplaces about the attitude of wealthy New York *routés* towards factory-girl virtue, that the effect so far is what the sporting fraternity call a "stand-off." Doubtless perceiving this, Mr. EDGAR FAWCETT makes a grand final charge upon "the ordinary woman of New York society," her daughters CARRIE and FANNIE, and their spiritual adviser, "Dr. SILVERSPEECH." On the shoulders of these four seems to rest the awful responsibility of the woes in question.

Some of the sweeping statements in the first section of the article affect the morals of the working-girls themselves, and must not go unchallenged. It is not true, even of the New York tobacco factory working-girls, "that their morals, like their clothes and fingers, are often sadly stained." Considering that over two hundred thousand girls work for their living in New York, and that so few of them lapse, it is a libel upon them to place them on a level with the working-girls of London, about whose morals London statistics give so appalling an account. New York has not sunk to the London level yet!

The demand for improvement in the condition of the New York working-girl is a just, holy and wholesome demand. The agitation is in itself a cheering sign of the times. But it will not help the good work to exaggerate the actual state of affairs in the factories and in the homes of these victims of greed and social thoughtlessness. It will not mend matters to attack society women and their daughters and spiritual advisers, many of whom devote thousands of dollars annually to practical work in this direction, quietly, by personal work, and in well-organized societies whose numbers are fast increasing. It seems cruel to attack the clergy as a body—this Mr. EDGAR FAWCETT does—in view of the

fact that ministers of all denominations not only preach, but practice, practical work for the needy, the tempted and the fallen. It is strange, very strange, that this brilliant writer, always in touch with the times, and seldom overlooking a vital point in any subject which he discusses, should hurl none of his barbed shafts at the greed that keeps these factory girls, at high rent, in noisome tenements. Strange that he does not insist that greed is at the bottom of all he complains of—unenlightened greed, at that! No; the churches and fine ladies are the quest of this gallant literary cavalier.

Speaking of the social customs and requirements of "the ordinary woman of New York society," he says: "She has all these 'duties,' this charming New York wife and mother, and myriad more of a like sort. How should it concern her that girls of the same age as her CARRIE and FANNIE are starving, slaving, coughing up blood, dragging themselves from dirty, vermin-thronged beds at five in the morning, being blackguarded and beaten by drunken parents, being tempted by rakes whose very lust seems a heaven of refuge to them? How should all these grisly things concern her?" Of course, you know, she will tell you, 'I'm interested in the Skin and Cancer Hospital, and I contribute to the Woman's Protective Union on Clinton Place. Dear Dr. SILVERSPEECH thinks I ought to, and I do just as he tells me. I make the girls follow his advice, too. They belong to the Amsterdam Sewing Society. It's just too lovely. Mrs. AMSTERDAM is so sweet, and so genuinely religious. And the girls, although they're sometimes thrown with poor creatures from Avenues A, B, C, and all such frightful places, don't mind it a bit, because MAMIE VAN CORLEAR belongs, and LOTTIE VAN DAM, and . . . oh, well, don't you know, just the kind of girls that I want mine to grow up with and go out with into society."

This is his estimate of the clergy's share in social reform: "And what of Doctor SILVERSPEECH? He is simply one of the many clergymen who smile upon this terrible species of hypocrisy. If the working-girl of New York has any arch foe, it is that sad fraud which to-day is termed Christianity. If to-day there is any class of men who entirely desert the requirements of their avowed profession, it is the class of the clergy. They draw salaries—and some of them very large salaries—for preaching the doctrines of the Galilean to people whom CHRIST himself, if he were alive this hour, would cover with invective. For even CHRIST, we must remember, sometimes lost his temper, sometimes got fearfully out of patience; as he did, for instance, when he overthrew the tables of the money-changers in the temple, and again when he 'looked round about on them with anger' in the synagogue at Capernaum. The clergy of our time and town are just as Christian as expediency permits them to be, and not a jot more. Perhaps it is cruel to blame them, for if they took up fiercely and devoutly such a charitable cause as that of the oppressed and stamped-on working-girl, their congregations would begin to yawn, and in that yawn they would see an omen of empty pews, and empty pews would mean curtailment of their apostolic incomes. If I may humbly write so, it seems to me that these 'divine' gentlemen (with certain happy exceptions) think quite too little of their 'divinity.' They appear to spend a great deal of their time in squabbling like testy old women among themselves, and to waste a great deal more in orotund insults to the lofty and perhaps the only true thinkers of our century, DARWIN, HUXLEY, and (of all men!) HERBERT SPENCER! Yes, even HERBERT SPENCER, the shadow of whose mind, now cast as it is for a little while longer upon earth, spreads there so vastly that when he dies the world will miss it as Switzerland would miss an Alp!"

"Ah, gentlemen of the clergy—and of the New York clergy in particular—two hundred thousand wretched New York working-women need your help far more than these noble scientific regenerators of the age need your anathemas! Cleave a little closer, pray ye, reverend gentlemen, to your alleged 'Christianity,' and accord us a kindly dearth of your fifteenth century polemics. Mankind will be the better for it, and (I dare swear) the poor working-girl as well!"

These "noble scientific regenerators of the age," what have they done for the New York working-girls? Or for any other human being? They have robbed all people of the distinctive attribute which makes them human and not brutal. HERBERT SPENCER says justice has come up to us from the lower animals. All three of them tell us that "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest" are at work among all living organisms—human beings among the rest—and if these terrible processes are at work, brotherhood among human beings, assistance from clergy, society woman or novelist to the wronged and unfortunate laborer, are an empty, hypocritical farce. The greed of the sweating process is an efficient factor in this struggle. The kindness and good-heartedness of the toiler, who grasps not and therefore has not, is but a part of this struggle; and these "scientific regenerators" give him to understand that his fate is strictly scientific—and, worst of all, they give the oppressor to understand that, under the new gospel, these things cannot be helped.

On the whole, Mr. EDGAR FAWCETT, in his *Arena*

article, is unfortunate, not less in his choice of subjects for attack than in his choice of subjects for thoughtless commendation.

## DO AMERICANS LOVE MONEY?

WE took occasion once in these columns to mildly rebuke the English traveler and critic, Mr. HAMILTON AIDE, for asserting that Americans are inordinately given to the pursuit of wealth. In the December *North American Review*, JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE, the veteran essayist, effectively disposes of this charge in a short, crisp and very entertaining article. To account for the widespread belief in Europe that we, as a people, are sordid and avaricious, this writer notes, first, that the Old World learns of the millions heaped up here in an incredibly short time by gigantic undertakings, bold speculation, brilliant financing. Our own newspapers delight to record and exaggerate the monetary achievements of the day. It really seems as if the nation were engaged in a colossal crusade after wealth, as if the whole population were embarked in the pursuit of it, reckless of the means employed. But it is solely seeming. Even here, in the land of plenty and promise, most of us remain poor, and go to our graves without an effort to secure other than a modest competence, which is a duty—and yet generally neglected—we owe to ourselves and those dependent on us. As a people we distinctly do not love money. The exact reverse of the widespread opinion of the national love of money is really true. Daily examples, within the circles of our individual observation, denote this. Money is superabundant. Any one may get it, in moderation, if he cares to. It is not properly appreciated; it is too plentiful to be valued. It comes easily, and goes easily. It slips through our fingers—how, when, or where, we are not concerned to know. We constantly disregard financial opportunities; we live monetarily to-day, taking no heed of the morrow.

Do we love money? What we love we want to keep, to increase, to monopolize; not to spend, to waste, to share, as the average American does with such sums as fall to his lot. If we loved money, we should guard it zealously; add to it with watchfulness, toil and pains; strike furiously at him who would aim to deprive us of the least portion. Is this our disposition or our habit? Are we inclined to hoard? Hoarding is an Old World custom, which we do not sympathize with or understand. Foreigners, when they come to our shores, are apt to relinquish the custom; for liberality is in the air. They cease to be anxious to augment what is to be had on every hand, what is accounted of minor importance. A native miser of the true breed is seldom heard of, is almost a contradiction in terms. Misers here, when discoverable, are found to be of alien blood, and governed by transatlantic influences.

Americans who embark in big enterprises, who take great financial risks, and are lucky in them, generally sustain heavy losses again and again, and, oftener than not, are reduced to poverty. The fearless and prosperous operators of a few years ago have already passed out of sight, and others have come in their stead, and will always be coming. There is a regular succession in every prominent city of triumphs and defeats in every commercial field.

Wall street and the Produce Exchange bear witness to this. The monetary leaders seldom last. They coruscate for a while, and then their final spark goes out. In a hundred markets, all over the land, one may meet men who have been millionaires, and are now bankrupts. They may be millionaires once more. Rarely, unless very old, do they surrender hope or ambition. They silently watch the wheel, expecting that it may yet come round again. If it does not, they are silent also.

Foreign critics are lost in wonderment at the resignation of our people to sudden change of fortune, so common here as barely to attract notice. They admit that we slip from wealth to ruin without depression or complaint. Where Europeans would go mad, or commit suicide, we gather up the fragments and resolve to try again. We turn from the darkness of the night to the radiance of the unborn day, and feel stronger for what we have endured.

This is the best evidence that we have no love of money as money; that we are fond of making it for the employment it furnishes to the active brain and the industrious body; that, having lost it, we are ready and eager to stand up, and have another tussle with fortune, and, if need be, still another and another. We have any number of examples of men who have spent half a dozen times their inherited or acquired riches, and, at their last spending, have not repined.

There is scarcely a record of an American of unadulterated stock who has been a murderer from pecuniary motive. If we want money, we get it in dramatic fashion; in quaint, pictorial style. Making millions is our way of dealing practically with the romance that lurks in our fervid souls. We are generous to a fault, extravagant, prodigal—what you will; but in regard to love of money we are so inconstant as to argue ourselves unworthy and incapable of such love.

As a people, we should be grateful to JUNIUS HENRI

BROWNE for thus so ably defending us against the charge of avarice. But to the serious, thinking American, whose highest and foremost aspiration is that a strong nationality may some day be evolved in this land of endeavor and golden opportunities, the facts adduced by JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE in his defense of us are not facts upon which we can congratulate ourselves. Such a one is often pained to see the impoverished immigrant from the Old World distance the native citizen in the race for wealth—and this in a very few years after landing.

We may be inclined to complain of this. We have no right to do so, because these people have a right to do their best with the opportunities afforded them. They cannot be blamed for trying to better their condition. In many instances their long struggle—as well as that of their ancestors—against Old World inequalities, has made them naturally economical and acquainted with hard knocks, and has served them to suffering and privation. To others such as these—in the earlier pioneer days—do we owe it that our great American wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose. The descendants of the earlier pioneer settlers may see in the condition of these later accessions to our population the same fresh, liberated energy, rigid economy and determination which characterized their own forefathers; but they must also note that the later immigrants have many advantages not enjoyed formerly, and that they are more likely to make more rapid progress. Under these circumstances native American recklessness with money becomes a very serious matter.

In conclusion, it will not be necessary to call attention to the trite and now almost obsolete admonition, that if we do not take care of ourselves nobody else will; that if we demand a *real* friend, we must keep our money. But there is a broader and more important phase of the subject, applicable to the American people, in view of our future. Prodigality, reckless expenditure of money, is a weakness. Waste of money is destruction of individual wealth; and one of the chief complaints of our day is the “enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many.” Small economies alone can produce widespread prosperity—those small, moderate fortunes so often advocated as the ideal of a free and contented people. Saving of money, making every cent count, is not weakness but strength—common sense, worldly strength. Not only this, but many thoughtful, practical men have come to the conclusion that reasonable economy in the use of money is a very fair basis for every-day morality in general. No person can go very far wrong who has the business instinct that nothing must be wasted—money, least of all.

In the future of proud and prosperous COLUMBIA, therefore, a gradual approach to that love of money for its own sake, of which our enemies unjustly accuse us, will be in order. If we do not love it for its own sake, it will do no harm to love it for the good it may do us; for the nation of small homes and small fortunes—only not too small—it may build up. Fact, if it becomes necessary, we might even love it for its own sake. But about that we may be able to see more clearly later on.

#### TAKING DINNER.

FOR the first time in many years, six hundred London thieves are to turn their hands to honest employment. General BALLINGTON BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, proposes to give a good dinner, in public, to that number of those gentry of the great metropolis who steal, notoriously, and as a regular occupation. These precious wards of public charity whom the law cannot reach to reform, may be reclaimed through the stomach. Owing to the urgent demands made upon his time by his chosen avocation, the London thief frequently neglects to take a good meal, and never eats regularly, as more favored people can afford to do. It often happens, too, that as the mists are settling upon London the lone and unhappy professional thief settles into a state of melancholy over his hard lot and want of success; he asks himself in the bitterness of his despair why it is that he has no appetite, though he has eaten nothing since the day before—and, of course, he misses another meal on that occasion. The answer comes to him that the hunger in his heart is deeper far than the mere want of victuals—it is the hunger, the yearning to lay his hands on the property of somebody else.

If there is a harder or more pitiable plight to be found in human affairs, in all wide, wicked London, than the condition of this wretched, nervous but enterprising fellow—sitting mayhap in the shadow of an unbroken arch of London Bridge to catch a victim—General BALLINGTON BOOTH seems unable to unearth it. Hence he catches six hundred thieves for a big dinner. He even invites the Queen. He has received immense subscriptions, and the dinner will be worthy of the occasion. If those thieves do not go out into the lanes and byways feeling better than when they entered the hall of feasting, it will be because something is wrong with their digestive apparatus.

Unless something unforeseen happens, this grand dinner to thieves will be not only the greatest enterprise yet undertaken by the Salvation Army, but also the greatest humbug and the most disgusting prostitu-

tion of the sacred name of charity that was ever perpetrated in obedience to the “crank” sentimentalism of the sensational “lover” of the vicious and the depraved. It will be Satan grinning at “reform” run mad.

#### THE PASSING OF THE CAR-HORSE.

STREET-CARS have now four kinds of motive power—horses, electricity, cable and steam. Horses still largely predominate in length of miles traveled, in passengers carried, and in money earned for the companies. The tendency, however, is to dispense with them, on the ground of economy and in the interest of rapid transit. In view of the hard lot of many a noble animal, in poorly-managed street-car stables, the general public will probably view the “passing” of the horse in this instance as a much-needed move in the direction of humaneness. Still we must protest that on the great majority of street-car lines the horse is well-fed, well-groomed and not overworked. With the public driving them, and the evident difficulty of being always humane, the managers of horse-car lines deserve much credit for their considerate treatment of this noble, silent and affectionate friend of man.

But the street-car horse will soon be the exception instead of the rule. From November, 1890, until the present time, car-horses have decreased from 116,795 to 88,114, or 28,681 in one year. In large cities the cable system is rapidly coming into use. Electricity is making the most rapid progress in the new and medium-sized cities. It is not likely that electric street-railways will ever come into very general use in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago or Boston. Statistics show, however, that only three years ago the number of electric railways in operation in the United States was thirteen, but now the number is more than four hundred, with indications that it may be increased to five hundred before the close of the year. About seventy cable railways are in operation or in course of construction.

According to the report of the census of 1890 the figures of the street-railway traffic are: Length of lines, 5,783.47, with miles thus divided of motive powers: Animal, 4,061.94; electric, 914.25; cable, 283.22; steam, 524.06. Length of tracks, 8,123.02 miles—animal, 5,661.44; electric, 1,261.97; cable, 488.31; steam, 711.30. Number of cars, 32,505—animal, 22,408; electric, 2,895; cable, 5,089; steam, 2,113. Number of employees, 70,764—animal, 44,314; electric, 6,619; cable, 11,673; steam, 8,158. Number of passengers, 2,023,010,202—animal, 1,227,756,815; electric, 134,905,994; cable, 373,492,708; steam, 286,854,685. Total cost, \$389,357,-288.87—animal, \$195,121,682.50; electric, \$35,830,949.63; cable, \$76,346,618.23; steam, \$82,058,088.51.

Since these figures were gathered and collated the building of cable and electric lines has been very active, and it is safe to say that several thousand more horses have retired from the street-car lines since then. From a study of the figures it will be at once evident that the two new appliances are so much more economical than horses that capital will eventually get rid of them altogether. As intimated before, very large, crowded and busy cities will probably adopt the cable system, while second and third and lower-class cities will adopt electricity.

In this event, what will be done with the surplus horses? The rapidly growing business of the country, the taking up and cultivation of new farms in the great West, will demand the services of good horses in increasing numbers, for many years to come. But the development of agriculture will add to the number of horses, and the gradual introduction of horse labor-saving machinery, on the farm and elsewhere, will lessen the demand for them.

The obvious policy to pursue is the one so long advocated by leading horse-breeders throughout the country. In the next twenty years such rigid selection and careful discrimination must be practiced by farmers, in the raising of horses, that a higher grade of horses will be the result. Quality should be the very first consideration. The number of young horses on the farm should be kept down, in the interest of progressive horse-breeding. Where two hundred-dollar horses are now sold, one two-hundred-dollar horse will be the mark for the future.

The throwing of fifteen or twenty thousand horses on the market every year, for some years to come, in consequence of the street-railway revolution and other minor causes, will have a tendency to depress prices. The demands of merchants, manufacturers, lumbermen and private citizens for strong, active, heavy, and neatly formed horses, in varying proportions, will have a tendency to keep prices of such horses at a reasonable figure.

The passing of the car-horse, instead of depressing the profitable and pleasant business of horse breeding, should give it a decided impetus. If care is taken to view the situation as it is, and if the farmers, who constitute the large majority of horse-owners, will take immediate steps to supply the demand for a higher grade of horses, the outcome may be not only viewed with complacency, but turned to good account. At all events let the street-car horse go; he has served us many years.

#### THE TWIN CITY CONVENTION.

MINNEAPOLIS and St. Paul ought to become one city now, and lay all jokes, jibes and unseemly rivalry aside. Together they contested at Washington for the Republican National Convention, against Omaha the brave, Cincinnati the musical, New York the wealthy, St. Louis the central, San Francisco the mild, Chattanooga the picturesque, Pittsburgh the aggressive and Detroit *la belle*—Chicago having stayed at home to take care of her big and growing infant, the World’s Fair. And the Twin Cities won.

But, perhaps, it may be urged that thriving cities should live good neighbors together, instead of joining in municipal wedlock. True; and a good idea—if they will only live in peace. If they cannot and will not so live, let them join and fight it out—as other married people do.

As to the convention—June 7, 1892, it will be held. When southern and central, eastern and western cities are languishing under the June heat and humidity, the delegates to the Republican National Convention will find Minneapolis a good place to brace up their systems for a few days, near the head of the Father of Waters, in sight of the Falls of St. Anthony, amid natural scenery most grand and inspiring, wherein two of the prettiest, busiest and most progressive of our later generation of cities have placed an architecture probably unsurpassed in the world. We congratulate Minneapolis and St. Paul on their approaching nuptials—and on their national convention.

#### THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

THIS wonderful and hard-to-catch product of an ancient and not at all effete civilization is still peculiar—even more peculiar than he used to be when he played poker in the early days of BRETHARTE’s literature. LI HUNG, who seems to be an adept in carrying out the first part of his name, has been talking with a British diplomat. He took occasion to compliment England and her people, modifying his praise with the regretful statement that BRITANNIA was at times somewhat stern and unyielding. He asked the diplomat what impression had been produced by the recent Chinese anti-Christian riots. That suave gentleman replied that they had caused considerable talk—thunder without cannon, as it were. LI HUNG expressed his regret, and proceeded to explain that the meddlesome religious people—especially the Jesuit missionaries—were largely to blame for the disturbances. This is the latest “cold deck” of the Chinese card sharp; but it is an old trick, and will not deceive anybody.

But we have a bone to pick with LI HUNG ourselves. He is playing sharp on us at the Canadian border. He gives Canada fifty dollars per head to admit coolies and other Chinese laborers. He does not intend they shall stay in Canada. He destines them for the States, to establish opium-joints, joss-houses, fan-tan dives, and to take washee profits from poor, honest American women and straight American laundry firms, who print their directions on laundried and unlaundried packages in plain United States language, instead of in the hieroglyphics of the tea-chest. LI HUNG and his fellow-heathen liars are running their human off-scourings into the United States through Canada, and they pay Canada fifty dollars per head to help them do it. Canada gets the queue money, and we get the heathen, and all that he brings with him and cannot carry away when he leaves us.

Not only that: it has lately come to light that the Chinese have not given up their direct attack, even on our Pacific coast. The laborer from the tea plantation goes to the nearest Chinese intendant, or governor, of a seaport, pays him two hundred dollars, gives him an almond-shaped wink, tells him in tea-chest heathen that he is a “merchant,” goes to the nearest restaurant with a certificate to that effect in his pocket, swallows his meal of rice and rodents, and sails for America. Collector PHELPS, of San Francisco, refused recently to honor some of these certificates, which were signed or “vised” by an American consul in China.

The question is, If we are getting the Chinese “merchants,” in spite of our exclusion laws, why not repeal the laws, and get some of the money that Canada and China are making out of the business? Let us raise the figure to five hundred dollars. Any Chinaman who has that much to squander for the sake of living in this free country ought to make a pretty good citizen. No nation likes to be laughed at; and, though Uncle SAM is proverbially an adept at taking a joke, we ought to draw the line at the present farce of Chinese “exclusion.”

THE “natural ally” has broken out in a new quarter. LI HUNG, the great Chinese statesman, considers England the natural ally of China in resisting the encroachments of Russia. Last week some genius discovered that this country is the natural ally of Russia. So far, it is the Russian Bear and the Bird of Freedom against the British Lion and the Juggernaut. The Bird, Bear and Victory, say we. The Chinese must go.

THE Right Hon. EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON, Earl of LYTTON, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D., British Ambassador to France, died suddenly of heart disease, at Paris. He was born November 18, 1831, and was the only son of Lord LYTTON, the celebrated novelist, poet, dramatist, orator and statesman. The literary work of the younger Lord LYTTON was done under the name of OWEN MEREDITH. He leaves a widow and five children. He began to write at an early age, and though his writings are not as voluminous as those of his illustrious father, the list of his works is a formidable array. Among the volumes of prose and verse that he has given out are "Clytemnestra and Other Poems," in 1855; "The Wanderers," in 1859; "Lucile," his best-known work, in 1860; "The Ring of Amasis," in 1863; "Fables in Song" and "Speeches of Edward Lord Lytton, with some of his Political Writings, Hitherto Unpublished, and a Prefatory Memoir by His Son," 1874; "The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton," in 1883; "Glenavril," in 1885; and "After Paradise; or, Legends of Exile," in 1887.

THE destruction of crops on the big farms in the Northwest, owing to delayed threshings, is an event that calls for more than passing notice. Why not divide those big grain farms—from five thousand to forty thousand acres each—into smaller tracts, hire more men to live on them, work on them, and have a share in their profits? It is wicked to waste what human beings may suffer for before spring comes. Forty thousand acres of wheat cannot be threshed in time—even if the threshing machines are at hand, unless there is a community of families somewhere in the neighborhood. Give willing, honest human beings a chance to work and live upon the land. Cut up the "big farms."

W. J. FLORENCE, actor and generous lover of his kind, was a man who saw good in all things, and was singularly fortunate in not having an enemy in the world among those who knew him. His unexpected death is sincerely mourned by the profession and the general public. If to cheer the gloomy by his inimitable humor, on and off the stage, to lighten the heart of fellow-actor or fellow-man by substantial aid and heartfelt sympathy, and to leave sunshine in his track wherever he went or tarried—if these things be good works, then does W. J. FLORENCE leave behind him a work well done. May his kind never grow less.

REV. DR. WM. A. BARTLETT, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church at Washington, has become one of the Board of Directors of the House of the Good Shepherd, a Roman Catholic institution for the reclamation of fallen women. He was specially invited to take a place on the Board by the Rev. Father MACKIN, of St. Paul's Chapel. Rev. Mr. BARTLETT has always held to the conviction that the Protestant and Catholic churches should work together for the betterment of mankind in whatever avenue their united labors are required.

IT is complained that the late New York Horse-Show was too English, and that the finely dressed ladies, even the Four Hundred, of Gotham, monopolized the show, paying big money for boxes. The complainants ought to be ashamed of themselves. Have not the ladies of Gotham the right to go to see an exhibition of fine horses?

THE grain blockade in the West suggests another blockade. What will our transportation lines do when the world lays down its usual contributions at our ports of entry—and its World's Fair exhibits and visitors, besides? Is it not time to commence preparations on an extensive scale?

THE anonymous letter fiend tried to damage the credit of the First National Bank of Chicago by stating, for the benefit of New York banks, that that institution would go down within a week. It was a big undertaking; but the writer of anonymous letters is noted for such performances.

THE people of Belgium are demanding universal suffrage. As they are a progressive, intelligent and enlightened people, ruled by King LEOPOLD, who is one of the decentest of monarchs, they ought to, and perhaps will, get that precious but dangerous implement of self-government.

IT is authentically reported that the Russian peasantry are ripe for revolt. Already they are beginning to resist the landlord and the tax-gatherer. Supposing that the Russian peasantry have the most rudimentary human resistance in their natures, the report is highly probable.

IT is announced with much satisfaction, in some of the anti-Alliance daily newspapers, that the Republicans and Democrats united against the People's Party in Kansas and defeated it. To our non-partisan thinking that fact is about the best possible boom for the new political organization.



YALE and Princeton met at football on Manhattan Field, New York, Thanksgiving Day. The rain poured in torrents at times upon the players, and upon nine-tenths of the sixty odd thousand spectators who viewed the contest inside and outside of the inclosure. It was a magnificent game, slightly obscured by the rain and the mud and the inefficient umbrellas—but magnificent, all the same. Yale won, nineteen to nothing. In spite of the one-sided score, Princeton played a very stubborn and at times highly scientific game. At several crises of the contest, experts averred, Princeton was on the point of going through—would have done so, in fact, had it not been for the Yale heavy-weights. Physically, the Princeton eleven are better proportioned men, having a combined weight of 1,858 against Yale's 1,827. Heights in the Yale eleven run from Barbour, five feet five inches, up to Heffelfinger, six feet two and one-half inches—the team having four members over six feet tall. Princeton's tallness runs from five feet seven inches—King, Poe and Vincent—to five feet eleven inches which is the height of five different Princetonians. But Yale, all sizes won. After the game, New York City heard of the result at times until next morning.

The President has rescinded the order transferring the military reservation of Fort Marcy, N. M., to the Interior Department.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has ordered the winding up of the affairs of the American Endowment Association, an eighteen months' certificate scheme.

The Chicago Presbytery, by a vote of fifty-four to eighteen, resolved to ask the General Assembly to turn entirely from the project of revising the Westminster Confession.

All the surface railway companies of Brooklyn—the Brooklyn City, Atlantic Avenue, Coney Island and Brooklyn, Brooklyn City and Newtown—have united in an application to the State Railroad Commission to change their motive power from horses to the overhead electric trolley system.

An Imperial German loan is to be raised in February, and a Prussian loan at a later date.

The Socialist Hartman won the heretofore National-Liberal seat in the Reichstag, of Halle.

The tin-plate manufacturers of Wales have resolved to shut down for two weeks each in December and January.

M. de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, had a twenty minutes' audience with Kaiser Wilhelm in Berlin.

The prohibition of the exportation of wheat from Russia has forced English millers to use American wheat, of which they will probably use six hundred and fifty thousand quarters per week for four or five months.

The Erie Railway has earned a half million dollars more, net, this year than ever before.

Out in Stockton, Cal., two rival syndicates have been formed to break trotting and pacing records. Millard Saunders heads one and Charles Marvin the other. Saunders' latest triumphs are with the yearling filly Frou Frou trotting a mile in 2:36; and with the yearling filly Fausta pacing a mile in 2:24 3/4. Marvin's yearlings will probably try to beat these records before snow flies on the Coast. If nothing happens these youngsters, the 2:04 trotter is in sight.

An organization was effected in Boston to raise funds to build the Utah University, at Ogden, Utah. The movement is under the leadership of Dr. Edward Everett Hale and President Warren, of Boston University.

A British syndicate is said to have secured an option on all the breweries in British Columbia.

The colored Catholics are to hold a congress in Philadelphia, January 5, 1892.

M. Roche, French Minister of Commerce, said in the Senate that France's agreement with any country granting the minimum tariff could not be terminated on less than a year's notice.

John Cooper and Walter Rundell, both Englishmen, were arrested at St. Etienne for trying to bribe a foreman of a small-arms factory to give them a specimen of the new Russian rifle.

President Carnot of France has signed the draft of a bill to establish a board of conciliation to arbitrate labor disputes.



W. S. GILBERT, the great playwright, is a tall-built, stalwart, determined-looking man, with a handsome, ruddy face, curly gray hair and a cavalry moustache, having recently removed his abbreviated side-whiskers, and is rather fastidious in his dress. He was originally intended for the army, and tried many vocations before attempting dramatic authorship. His experiences as a lawyer were not remunerative, though they supplied him with hints for many of his plots. His first play brought him but one hundred and fifty dollars. When the young playwright had received his check, the manager turned to him and said: "Take my advice, as an old stager, and never sell so good a piece as this for one hundred and fifty dollars again." "I took his advice," he says, "and never did." He is now fifty-four, and having amassed a considerable fortune, is inclined to take life easily. He has a beautiful country home within easy reach of London, where he dwells in exceeding peace and comfort, devoting most of his time to yachting, farming and collecting curios. He never uses a desk, but does all his writing on a pad on his lap. In manner he is somewhat brusque; but, withal, is a charming companion when in the mood, his conversation sparkling with satire. He is

a confirmed cynic, and is skeptical as to the existence of real virtue in the world; but, as a promoter of grim, maddening fun, he has rarely been equaled and scarcely ever surpassed. It is curious to note that while his nonsense-plays have taken continents by storms, his elaborately-constructed dramas have fallen flat as the proverbial buckwheat cake ever did. One of the most conspicuous objects in his library is a full-rigged model of *H. M. S. Pinafore*. When about to produce a play he always gets an exact model of the stage showing every entrance and exit exactly as the scene will appear at the theater, while little blocks of wood of different sizes are made to represent men and women. These are painted in various colors to show the different voices. The green and white-striped blocks may be "tenors," the black and yellow "sopranos," the red and green "contraltos," and so on. A unique feat in dramatic authorship, and one that is without precedent in the annals of the stage, is that his name has appeared on the London playbills without a single break for almost quarter of a century.

CAPTAIN WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, of the cruiser *Baltimore*, whose name has come so prominently before the public in connection with the Chilean *imbroglio*, is a tall, slim-built man of distinguished appearance, with a dark, pointed beard tinged with gray, and is somewhat peremptory in manner, his bearing being that of one accustomed to command. He is rising two-and-fifty, and comes of an old Maryland family. At seventeen he became a naval cadet. He fought on board the frigate *Potomac* during the campaign under Grant, which led to the capture of Port Hudson, and in 1862 was made lieutenant-commander and placed in command of the steam gunboat *Wateree*. He subsequently taught in the Naval Academy, and was stationed at various times in Pacific, Asiatic and South Atlantic waters. Then he was raised to the rank of commander. This was in 1874. Three years later he was in command of the *Essex*. From 1880 to 1883 he was a light-house inspector; but it was as commander of the Greely relief expedition that his name is best known. He set out from New York in April, 1884, with three ships. How the survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition were found is now a matter of history. With splendid energy Commander Schley pushed the relief expedition northward, and, as is well known, Lieutenant Greely and his six companions—all that remained of twenty-five—were found almost starved to death. On his return he received congratulations from all parts of the enlightened world, and, though but a commander at the time, was placed in charge of the Bureau of Equipment. In 1888 he was promoted to a captaincy, and, when the new cruiser *Baltimore* was launched, was put in command of her. In this capacity he conveyed the body of Ericson to Sweden, where he was fêted beyond endurance. He was then stationed for some time in the Mediterranean, but was subsequently ordered to Chilean waters at the outbreak of hostilities. He has, therefore, seen much service.

GOVERNOR-ELECT FRANK BROWN, of Maryland, is a short-statured, compact-built man, with light brown hair and a closely cropped moustache, and looks younger than his years, which are five-and-forty. He comes of a prominent and wealthy family, his father having been one of the largest planters in Carroll County. He is himself the owner of a large farm, and is a breeder of superior cattle and a keen judge of horseflesh. He does not look like a statesman, but has rather the appearance of a successful business man who has never dabbled in politics. Yet he has served in the Maryland Legislature, was treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Committee, in 1888, and was postmaster of Baltimore under President Cleveland. He is one of Senator Gorman's chosen intimates. He is also a fashionable man of social prominence, and belongs to all the clubs.

DON'T FAIL TO READ OUR COUPON OFFER  
ON PAGE 12.

#### THE MAGGIE TULLIVER CONTEST.

OWING to the large number of essays received, and their extraordinary excellence, the judge's award cannot appear until our next number, in which number the prize essay will be published.

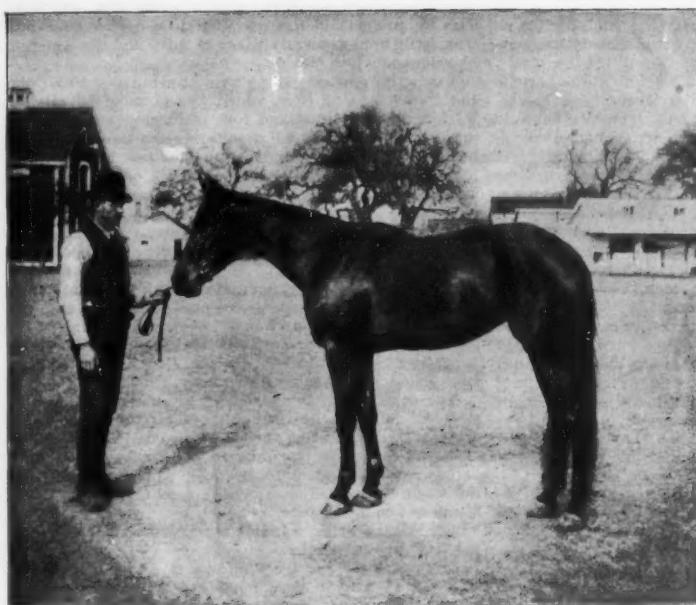
#### READ THIS!

IN our next number will appear an article on The Launching of the *New York*, illustrated, by a naval officer; "The Opening of Congress," illustrated; a poem by Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton), illustrated; a humorous article on "Hunting," by R. K. Munkittrick; the prize essay, "Maggie Tulliver;" "The Best Dressed Woman in New York," illustrated; editorials, essays, poems, personals, etc., etc. The front page will give a wood-engraved illustration of "Evacuation Day," while the double will depict the great football match between Yale and Princeton.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY PARTS:

#### "A History of the United States in Our Own Time." By a Veteran Journalist.

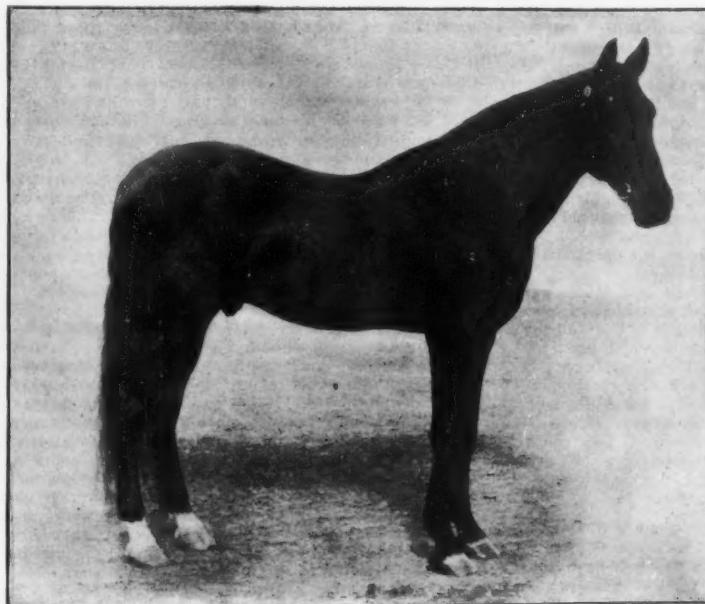
This work, whose publication will be begun at once, will present a consecutive review of American history, from the attempt of South Carolina to nullify an Act of Congress, in the first administration of Andrew Jackson, down to the close of the administration of Benjamin Harrison. The aim will be to do for contemporary American history what has been done for contemporary English history in Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Time."



SUNOL, THE FAMOUS MARE THAT BEAT THE WORLD'S TROTTING RECORD, TIME 2.08½.  
OWNED BY ROBERT BONNER. RAISED AT PALO ALTO FARM.



A GROUP OF WORKMEN AT PALO ALTO STABLES. CHARLES MARVIN, THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE FARM, STANDING BY SUNOL'S SULKY.



ELECTIONEER, THE FAMOUS STALLION, FATHER OF PALO ALTO AND SUNOL.



PALO ALTO, THE FAMOUS RACER.



PALO ALTO BREEDING FARM, OWNED BY SENATOR STANFORD, SAN JOSÉ, CAL.



INTERIOR OF STABLE FOR RUNNING HORSES, PALO ALTO FARM.

THE PALO ALTO STABLES, SAN JOSÉ, CAL.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "ONCE A WEEK" BY A. P. HILL, SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

BY MARGARET PRICE.

WHAT can she say? The pen is poised in air,  
And ink grows dry while thoughts refuse to blend,  
A long delay—and then, in mild despair,  
The pen is urged to trace the words: "Dear Friend."

And is he not her friend? The lilac bough  
That bent its flowers to listen, as he said  
The few but earnest words—no lover's vow—  
That seemed a benediction on her head,  
Still holds those blossoms, bright, unfading yet,  
That send their perfume to allay her fears,  
And fill her heart with mem'ries that beget  
The hope of happiness in coming years.  
His letter, too, full brief, is still a friend's.  
Tho' couched in terms which sadly she defines  
Not lover-like. But youthful fancy lends  
The key, and swift—she reads between the lines.

The pen once more she urges on its way  
To write the news, the very last in mind.  
His note received the morning of that day;  
He wrote so soon; he was so very kind.  
All well at home and send their best regards,  
And wish him luck in his new enterprise.  
The thought of lilac's perfume she discards;  
To be too bold, indeed would be unwise.  
How commonplace the language seems to her,  
In glancing o'er it when the task is done!  
It shows a lack that makes her long demur  
In sending what looks scarcely half begun.  
And yet she trusts these words to him may be  
More than they seem. They are but shadowy signs  
To help a lover's searching eyes to see  
The gentle hopes that throb—between the lines.  
A type of all her simple, sweet, young life,  
Is this girl's letter with its sweet designs;  
It tells no word of love or passion's strife—  
The power of it lies between the lines.

## PALO ALTO HORSE FARM.



HE birthplace of the famous mare Sunol—at present the world-beating trotter—and of the second fastest stallion, Palo Alto, is the renowned Palo Alto Breeding Farm, located some thirty miles south of San Francisco, Cal. This farm is the property of Senator Leland Stanford, and is one of the largest, if not the largest, horse-breeding farm in the world.

The farm itself is one of the several magnificent properties donated by Senator and Mrs. Stanford for the endowment of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. It consists of between seven and eight thousand acres of the richest land in Santa Clara Valley, and is one of the most beautiful spots in California.

One interested in that noblest of all animals, the horse, could scarcely afford to miss a sight of this establishment, where the animal seems to have attained the very height of perfection in points of speed and beauty.

Leaving San Francisco on the morning train over the northern division of the Southern Pacific Railway, the visitor arrives, in about an hour, at Menlo Park, the station nearest the farm. If his coming be anticipated, here he will be met by the carriage from the farm, and a few moments' drive brings him within the Palo Alto inclosures. Passing through the magnificent grounds immediately surrounding Senator Stanford's country-seat—artistic with their quaintly-designed flower-beds and statuary—on through wide, beautiful avenues, on either side of which stretch acres and acres of park that boasts its almost countless varieties of rare trees, the guest arrives at length at the breeding farm. Here the buildings and inclosures seem almost a city by themselves. He is driven at once inside an immense quadrangle, around which are grouped the numerous barns, stables, outbuildings, dwelling-houses of employees, offices, etc., incident to such an extensive establishment. Perhaps the first thing that will attract his notice is the scrupulous cleanliness everywhere. Then he will be struck by the fact that, while he sees a great many men around the place, he fails to see an idler or lounger, unless it may be some visitor. It is like a gigantic beehive without a drone in it, and on all sides are evidences of a system of work that is moving in perfect order. Men are leading horses around under the great oaks which dot the quadrangle; other men are initiating into the mysteries of a first harness certain promising yearlings: out on the magnificent mile track, which lies beyond the quadrangle, drivers are putting other horses through their paces. Inside the wide-open barns and stables men are actively employed in cleaning, sweeping, arranging, while more men with carts are conveying the refuse away. Each one of the number is evidently going somewhere, knows what he has to do when he gets there, and believes in the importance of his errand.

There are something near one hundred and fifty men employed about the premises, nearly one hundred of whom work solely about the horses, including twelve or fifteen "drivers."

The visitor is first conducted to an inspection of the stables, the inmates of which rank among the bluest-blooded aristocracy of horsemanship. The grand old patriarch of the stud, Electioneer, whose stable was formerly the first point of interest, lives now only in the good deeds of his numerous remarkable progeny, as the old King of Palo Alto died about a year ago, at an advanced age. He was brought from New York by Senator Stanford, in 1870; his sire, Rysdyk's Hambletonian of imported Messenger blood, his mother the famous old Green Mountain Maid. It is claimed that Electioneer is the sire of more horses with public trotting records of 2.20 and better, than any horse that ever lived. His son, Palo Alto, lowered his own record to 2.08 3/4 last month, at the Stockton (Cal.) racecourse. This beats

the former world's stallion record, 2.09 1/4, held by the horse Allerton.

Palo Alto is a magnificent bay, sixteen hands high, with every motion of his graceful body and shapely head betraying his breeding.

Of course the greatest present attraction at the farm is the mare Sunol, a daughter of Electioneer. She has recently beaten the world's trotting record, making her mile in 2.08 1/4. All nerve, fire, and lithe action, acutely sensitive, wonderfully intelligent, she is indeed a picture. At a recent visit to the farm, with Mr. Hill, the artist, we succeeded in securing the photograph of this equine queen, much to our gratification, as from her restlessness this is difficult to do. The mare is now owned by Robert Bonner, of New York, who purchased her from Senator Stanford nearly two years ago. But she will remain under the care and training of the famous horseman, Charles Marvin, superintendent of Palo Alto, for some time yet.

Some four hundred mares and between twenty and thirty stallions are kept for breeding purposes at Palo Alto Farm. It is safe to say that among this number are many of the famous horses of the world. The black mare, Beautiful Bells, has already realized for her owner, in the sale of her colts, considerably over one hundred thousand dollars; her colt, Electric Bell, having been sold at six months old for twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

In breeding at Palo Alto, an intelligent and careful selection of parents is considered of vital importance. In fact, this establishment seems to be one of the very few places where Henry Ward Beecher's first rule for success, "Select the right kind of a father and mother to be born from," is obeyed. The Palo Alto colts all do this.

Then, before their grand entrance on the track of existence, their mothers have better care than the majority of human mothers under similar conditions. But then the offspring of the latter are not worth as much in cash (to anybody but their mammas) at six weeks old as some of these Palo Alto infants; and, maybe, therein lies the difference. The cosiest stalls, most appropriate food and most comfortable surroundings are supplied these four-footed dames; and, during the foaling season, skilled watchmen are kept in constant attendance day and night. The mother and foal do nothing for five months but enjoy each other's society, boarding at the best hotel meanwhile. At five months the colt is weaned, and then begin his first steps toward an education. He is broken to halter, and then put daily into the kindergarten—a covered paddock with a track twelve feet in width, around a circle of some one hundred feet in diameter—where he is drilled in the a, b, c of trotting. In the fall he is thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the harness, and at a year old can be put on the mile track for his drill.

Thus it is seen that trotters have not only to be born but made.

It would be impossible in an article of this length to give a full description of the barns, stables, horses and other interesting things. Each division of the stud has its separate buildings, inclosure and manager, all being under the general management of Superintendent Marvin. The workmen are well paid, well fed and comfortably housed. The Palo Alto trotters have made some surprising records at the Stockton course within a few weeks. Beside these of Palo Alto and Sunol, Arion, an Electioneer colt two years old, broke the world's two-year-old record at 2.10 3/4. The following telegram was sent, upon this occasion, by Mr. Robert Bonner to Senator Stanford:

"I congratulate you most heartily on having obtained the record for the fastest yearling, the fastest two-year-old, the fastest three-year-old, the fastest four-year-old, the fastest five-year-old, and the fastest record ever made by a horse of any age. It is really wonderful that one man should have accomplished so much in breeding and developing the horse which we all love. Your success in this line is a great thing for California, when to it is added your magnificent gift of many millions for the purpose of endowing a university for the training of young men for the duties of life."

ROBERT BONNER."

One cannot see Palo Alto Farm properly in less than a day, and will even then regret the shortness of time. As the Leland Stanford, Jr., University is but a few minutes' drive from the farm, the visitor can "take in" both these sights at one trip.

CARIE STEVENS WALTER.

## SEA FIGHTS AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY MAY BE.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

(In Three Papers—Third Paper.)

HOUGH the sympathies of the old-fashioned Jack Tar do not reach so far back as Actium or Salamis, he is quick to appreciate all naval engagements in which the vessels have borne some resemblance to the ships of our own times. Your trireme was no ship at all, he will tell you; and you might as well speak to him of a sea fight between a fleet of coal-barges or canal-boats. When, however, the belligerent vessels are fitted with masts and spars, and show a spread of canvas and the muzzles of guns peeping out of port-holes, and spitting fire if necessary, he recognizes conditions which are within his comprehension.

Several centuries passed after Actium before these conditions came into existence. The ships of the Norsemen, with bluff bows and high sterns, depended on sails instead of oars, and were a step towards the ship of the line; but it was not until the sixteenth century that there was anything like a close approximation to that form of

ship, with heavy broadsides and three masts, in which the great naval victories of the modern world have been won. This approximation was not very close, even then. Oars were still used as an auxiliary to sails, and the bowsprit had not come into fashion.

One of the earliest examples of the ship of the line was the *Henri Grace à Dieu*, which was launched by Henry VIII. in 1514. A thousand tons in burden, she had four masts and a bowsprit, all square-rigged. Her crew numbered seven hundred, and she carried one hundred and fifty-one guns. Her sails were of cloth of gold, and the streamer which she flew on her mainmast was fifty-one yards long. Judging by Holbein's picture of her, which may be seen at Hampton Court Palace, a modern sailor would not have had much faith in her stability. She seems to have a Chinese pagoda on her forecastle and on her quarter-deck, and is as gayly caparisoned as the King's own charger. But there is historical testimony that she was the most seaworthy vessel of the fleet, and she may be regarded as the real precursor of the ships which, in command of Drake, Frobisher, Benbow, Rodney and Nelson, gave England supremacy of the seas.

The ships which succeeded her gradually increased in size, but down to the time of Trafalgar they were small compared with existing vessels. Nelson's *Victory*, which is still afloat, is only one hundred and eighty-six feet long and twenty-one feet six inches deep, while her tonnage is but twenty-two hundred and eighty-six tons. Then came steam as a motive power, and then the "wooden vessels," which had been impregnable for so many years, were superseded by the ironclad.

In 1866 the *Northumberland* was built, a monster ironclad ship with five masts, and over five times the tonnage of the *Victory*. So rapid has been the strides in naval architecture since then that this enormous vessel is now almost as far out of date as the *Victory* herself, and the later ships have been built on a still larger scale.

A few figures will serve to indicate the extent of some of the changes which have taken place. Three of the newest ships are fitted with one-hundred-and-ten-ton guns, which cost about seventy-five thousand dollars apiece, to begin with, and cannot be fired at a less expense than thirteen hundred dollars for each charge of nine hundred and sixty pounds of powder. The largest charge used in the *Victory* at Trafalgar was only eight pounds. The *Victory*, as we have said, was but two thousand two hundred and eighty-six tons. The *Victoria*'s tonnage is eleven thousand four hundred and seventy, and her armament includes two of the one-hundred-and-ten-ton guns. "In the course of little more than eighty years," says an English writer, "we have increased the weight of our heavy guns about fifty-fold; we have more than doubled their caliber; we have increased their length over four-fold; we have increased the weight of their projectiles about fifty-six-fold; we have increased their powder-charge one-hundred-and-twenty-fold; we have increased their energy considerably more than one-hundred-and-forty-fold, and we have increased their range twelve-fold, or thereabouts."

It would be worth while to review all the great battles through which the various types of war-ships have been evolved, but that would require more space than a weekly paper can afford. If the reader wishes to learn more than the outlines here given, we must refer him to James's History of the English Navy and Cooper's Naval History, and we can promise him many delightful hours in the perusal of these works. The subject is not less fascinating than it is large, and that gallant sailor, the late Admiral Porter, on hearing that the present writer intended to attempt a sketch of it, wrote to him, in a friendly letter: "It behoves you to get your nautical tackle on board, dip your pen in tar, and blank, blank your dead-eyes for a day or two before you begin."

We may, however, give a list which the Admiral sent us of the sea fights which he considered the greatest: 1. Salamis; 2. Lepanto; 3. Defeat of the Spanish Armada; 4. Blake's action in the Tagus over Van Tromp, and at Santa Cruz; 5. Admiral Byng's defeat, 1756; 6. Hawke's defeat of Conflans, in 1757; 7. De Grasse's defeat of Graves, 1781; 8. Rodney's victory over the French off Domenica; 9. Lord Howe's action, 1794; 10. Cape St. Vincent, 1797; 11. Camperdown; 12. Battle of the Nile, 1798; 13. Trafalgar, 1805.

Among the battles in which Americans were engaged, Admiral Porter gives prominence to the following: 1. The battles of Lake Erie and Lake Champlain; 2. Engagement between the *United States* and the *Macedonian*; 3. Engagements between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, and the *Constitution* and the *Cyane* and the *Levant*; 4. The *Essex* versus the *Phœbe* and the *Cherub*; 5. The *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*; 6. The *Hornet* versus the *Peacock*; and 7. The *Wasp* versus the *Frolic*.

The list does not include the battles of the Civil War, chief among which, of course, was the engagement between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

From the defeat of the Spanish Armada down to Trafalgar, and the War of 1812, in which the Americans proved that they had inherited the sea-going qualities of the old sea-fathers, the implements and conditions of the naval battle changed little, except in the size and armaments of the ships. The French excelled as tacticians, and it is interesting to note that the treatise which was the standard in the French service, and which gave them such superiority as they had over the English, came from the pen of a Jesuit, Paul l'Hoste, in the reign of Louis XIV. Benefiting from the tactical system of l'Hoste, they fought with much more success than before; though while the French were the best tacticians, it cannot be denied that the English were the better seamen. Admiral Porter thus describes the method of the French: As the English, following their custom, steered boldly down upon the enemy to close with him as soon as possible, the French opened with their entire broadsides, raking the English ships fore and aft, and splitting their masts and sails. The French ships would then run off, hidden by the smoke, and form

## ONCE A WEEK.

to leeward, and as the English ships came bow-on, and with only their bow-guns available, they received again and again the whole broadside of the French. It was a match of cunning against courage, of tactics against seamanship, and it changed the character of naval warfare; but it did not win Trafalgar, all the same.

Not long ago the writer of these lines stood on the poop of the full-sized model of the *Victory* at the Naval Exhibition, and it was not difficult to picture in the mind's-eye the same ship as she was in Trafalgar Bay, grappling with the enemy, while the great and gallant Nelson lay mortally wounded on her deck.

After all, in these old sea fights there was good deal of the element for which we cannot find a better word than "slugging." The belligerents did much hard hitting before getting in the finishing blow. They pounded each other, blow for blow, with little sparring or fencing, and, from the modern point of view, took a very long time dying.

Imagine three or four great ships of the line locked together in the closest embrace, so that their guns, three tiers to each, were almost pressed against the free-boards of the enemy; imagine them blazing away at such close quarters, their crews swarming over shroud and bulwark, pistols in their hands, cutlasses in their mouths. The fire and shot spouted not from one level, but from as many levels as there were decks. Yet the battle went on hour after hour, and sometimes day after day—

"And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the sum-  
mer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty  
three."

The timbers of these wooden walls were so shaken that the dust rose like steam, and did as much to obscure the air as the smoke. With all this, a man stood far better chance of coming through with his life in those days than he would under the conditions of modern naval warfare. If the opponents of the *Victory* had been equipped with our quick-firing and machine guns, not a man could have shown himself with impunity, for these weapons fill the air with a hail-storm of shot from which nothing within range can escape. Indeed, though the results of the naval battle of the future are uncertain in other respects, there can be no uncertainty as to the awful destruction which will attend it and the swiftness with which the end will be reached. It will not be a fight lasting days. There will be nothing like the dull, heavy, repeated blows dealt by the old ships of the line. The adversaries will meet, and it will take an inconsiderable number of minutes to settle the issue between them, though every minute will reel with immeasurable carnage.

What will the next great naval battle show? How will the new implements of naval warfare bear the brunt of actual operations? Everything has changed. Even with iron ships, propelled by steam, the naval authorities expected that they had to simply increase the tonnage of the vessels and the caliber of the guns to keep pace with the times. This was until the outbreak of the Civil War. Then the turreted *Monitor* appeared on the scene, and showed them that the old type must be banished forever. Since then more changes have been made, and, as far as can be judged, the *Victoria*, with her one-hundred-and-ten-ton guns, is the consummation of all the experiment and all the endeavor of the greatest designers and architects.

There are critics who say that she, and most of the new vessels of the British navy, are radically defective. If England has made a mistake, however, all maritime nations have repeated her blunders. Whatever she does in building war-ships they do also, though necessarily on a smaller scale. The ships of the new American navy are duplications of the English type.

We must not allow the disparagement to cast too much gloom upon us. At the same time, it is wholly impossible to predict what the outcome of the next naval war will be. Not only are the ships different from those of the past, but the conditions under which they will fight must be different. The torpedo, the ram and the dynamite gun, new explosives, new and untried weapons, will be factors in determining the issue—things which we know now only experimentally. The one-hundred-and-ten-ton guns may prove useless, or as much of a peril to those who handle them as to those against whom they are aimed; but it is far more likely that they, with the other new weapons and new ammunition, will make the war as brief as bloody.

## NEW YORK HARBOR DEFENSES.



HEN all the New York harbor defenses now in contemplation by the Government are finished, the residents of the metropolis will have no reasonable cause to fear that the city will be bombarded and captured by any foreign fleet that may attempt to do so. Such a project on the part of even a combination of foreign naval powers would be simply impossible. Certainly, in a topographical way, the city of New York is more advantageously situated than any other city in the world. The natural facilities for defense around New York are second only to those of Gibraltar itself. Two great water approaches to New York—namely, from the Atlantic through the Narrows, and from Long Island Sound through the eastern entrance to New York Harbor—require special fortifications, provided with the most effective ordnance, and in a large measure these needs are being supplied. Already it has been demonstrated that the coast defenses of the United States are, in the long run, vastly superior, in military crisis, to an armored fleet, and they can be maintained, if not constructed, at one-third the expenditure required to maintain an adequate navy. But, outside of purely economic considerations, the concensus of public opinion is in favor of proper fortifications around New York. What are the possibilities of such defense?

From the Atlantic approach, the first outward line of defense lies between Sandy Hook and Coney Island. At Sandy Hook new rifled cannon and mortars have been placed, and the recent successful tests of the ten and twelve-inch built-up steel rifles and of the twelve-inch mortar there demonstrate the value of Uncle Sam's latest and most approved armament. Some ingenious person has suggested the building of an artificial island in the center of the lower bay that would command both opposite points. Doubtless this might prove a double safeguard; but if the big guns can actually perform the work which the recent trials of them at Sandy Hook encourage army officers to believe they can, such an intermediate fortification would seem to be not wholly indispensable. For it must be remembered that the Narrows is commanded by fortresses—Fort Wadsworth on the west and Fort Hamilton on the east, to say nothing of Fort Lafayette, whose resources are casually incalculable; and these, together with submerged torpedoes—in case the line from Sandy Hook to Coney Island were passed without much injury by an invading fleet—would doubtless disorganize any modern armada *en route* to the onslaught—that is to say, to take New York; and, in short, would drive all besieging ironclads to our walls of resistance and destruction. A single armored vessel, possibly escaping all the outpour and downpour from these defenses, would still have to pass the Goddess of Liberty and her guns, and Governor's Island, whence another belching forth of steel projectiles and a final volley of submerged torpedoes would probably cripple it at least into helplessness.

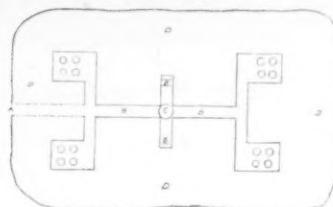
However, while this theory of our impregnable defenses from the Atlantic entrance to the harbor seems plausible, the plan of defining and establishing the outward line of defense in the open, namely in that large area of sea lying between Sandy Hook and the northern boundary of Coney Island, is a wise one, and one the Government some time may not regret having carried out.

At the eastern entrance of New York Harbor the work of strengthening the military defenses is now in progress. At the southern extremity of David's Island a mortar battery is being constructed under the general direction of W. R. King, ex-colonel of engineers U. S. A., who at present is in command at Willett's Point. David's Island, comprising eighty-eight acres, is situated about a mile and a half southwest of New Rochelle in Long Island Sound. It was originally used by the Government as a hospital station at the beginning of the Civil War. It has been a sub-depot for the reception of recruits since its purchase, in 1869, by the United States, and is now a regular training post under the command of Colonel Parker. It is understood the original intention of the Government was to place a battery of rifled guns, mounted on disappearing carriages, on Hart's Island, which, however, was not easily obtainable from the city of New York; and so the idea, being abandoned, at least for the time being, David's

Island was selected as the next best site, commanding practically the western shore of the Sound as well as the eastern. It was rumored some time since that the Government was negotiating with John H. Starin for the purchase of Glen Island, and that he held his little domain at a figure which could not be seriously considered by any possible buyer. In view of the Government's selection of David's Island for the location of a mortar battery, and its intention to place fortifications on Sands' Point, where a preliminary survey looking to that end was made last spring, it is probable that

the story regarding the purchase of Glen Island was incorrect. For the channel between Glen Island and David's Island, though deep enough to allow the passage of millionaire Starin's excursion boats, is not deep enough to let through war vessels; and, if it were, the big mortar guns to be placed on David's Island could be trained on them just as well as on vessels approaching through the regular channel of the Sound that is used by the Fall River boats.

Mr. James K. Mayhew, a civilian, acting as assistant engineer, has immediate charge of the construction of the mortar battery on David's Island. The work was commenced early in May last, and a gang of about eighty men is now engaged in excavating and digging the pits in which the mortars will rest. Work will be continued throughout the winter, if the weather be not too severe, in which case it will be finished within a year. These casemated fortifications, covering about an acre in area, will be enclosed by an embankment, the eastern front of which will be seventy-five feet in thickness. The accompanying diagram roughly indicates the position of the mortars, sixteen in number, as they will be placed.



A. Entrance from the west to the casemate.  
B. Runways, ammunition chambers, etc.  
C. Top of traverse.  
D. Embankment.

The bottom of each mortar pit, having a solid wall eight feet in thickness, will be eight feet above mean high water. The concrete-covered traverse, marked C in the diagram, will be about forty feet higher. The highest point of the embankment, facing the east, will be about thirty-five feet. The two entrances to the fortifications—though only one is indicated in the diagram—will both be on the western side. They will lead into corridors and runways provided with concrete walls eight feet thick, and in some parts with natural walls of granite rock, which abounds on the island. It is essentially the same character of rock as workmen for years have been and still are excavating on Manhattan Island. These subterranean runways will communicate with the four mortar pits as well as with passages leading into the magazines and ammunition chambers. They will be covered with concrete, and ventilators will be built in the roof, furnishing, however, little or no light. The loose, excavated rock and dirt are being used in building the embankment, but thousands of cubic yards of additional dirt and concrete will be required in the construction. These materials are to be brought from Long Island, and a strong wharf is now being built where vessels will unload them. The dirt and concrete will be conveyed across the wharf and up an incline on car and rails that are in course of construction.

LEON MEAD.

(Concluded in next number.)

## THE NEW SILVER COINS.

THESE cuts show the face and back of the new half dollars which are to be coined at the Philadelphia Mint early next year. The designs were made by Mr. Charles E. Barber, the engraver of the Mint. The quarter dollar is like



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

the half dollar. The dime will have the same face, except for the inscription "United States of America" in place of the stars and the "In God We Trust." The back of the new dime will be the same as the back of the old dime.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. B., St. Louis.—"The White Squadron; Cruising in Foreign and Home Waters," by Thomas Gibbons, a trained journalist and clerk to Rear-Admiral Walker, will be likely to give you the desired latest information. It was announced some weeks since as in press. When published it will be announced in our "Library."

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Any dramatic agency will furnish the desired information.

W. T. S., Chicago.—How to form the acquaintance of ladies on the street is a little out of our line; but if writer will send full name and address, together with photograph—to the lady in question—she may help him out, if she has really shown by her looks that she desired his acquaintance.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—The date on your coin must be 1789, as Charles IV. of Spain was not on the throne in 1793. The present value of the coin can be ascertained on application to any coin-dealer. The inscription probably reads "Charles IV., by the Grace of God, King of Spain."

A. B. C.—If you are engaged to the lady and she goes with "another" on Sunday to a photograph gallery to have their pictures taken, and entertains him as you say between times, generally—you ask is she true? Let us ask: Who weighs the most, and can strike the hardest and strongest—you or the other fellow?

A SUBSCRIBER.—A part of the Palestinian Talmud was translated into English in 1886, not from the original, however, but from the French of M. Schwab, of the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. Within the last few years, more extensive and accurate translations of the Talmud have been undertaken by different societies of learned men, notably in Germany. By referring to Memoir, in the "Una-bridged," you will see that Noah Webster was born October 16, 1783, and died May 28, 1843.

"NELL" and her "chum" are cautioned not to use chemicals in their endeavor to remove freckles. We dare say there are some harmless preparations for this purpose advertised. Any preparation which will stimulate and restore the health of the skin will enable kind Nature—who, by the way, is quite particular about her personal appearance—to remove the troublesome little spots complained of.

G. L. H., Baltimore.—Manufactured eggs are not real eggs. The natural egg is sometimes pickled and limed, and then sometimes sold for strictly fresh, but never manufactured.

F. H. O., New Haven.—If your voice has come to maturity, and will not sing for you, be content to remain among the great majority of the songless. If anything can improve it, vocal culture ought to—that is, unless there is some disease of the vocal organs; in which case a wise medical man should be consulted.

C. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—As we understand it, the hair on the left side of your head fell out as the result of scalding, and the new growth was iron-gray. Instead of changing the iron-gray to the natural color—dark brown—you wish to change dark brown to iron-gray. Your reason for so doing seems to be that the doctors told you any substance would be poisonous which could change iron-gray to the dark brown. There may be a difference, but it is not apparent; the same poisonous drugs would probably be used in both cases. Still, there are people who successfully use hair dyes for such annoying inconveniences as the one you justly complain of.

READER.—A wild goose chase was formerly, in England, a kind of horse race, in which two horses were started together; and, whichever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go.

ONCE A WEEK.

BACCHUS'S SLAVES

BECOME PLUTO'S SUBJECTS





## TRACKED OUT.

A SECRET OF THE GUILLOTINE.  
BY ARTHUR W. A BECKETT.  
*Author of "Fallen Among Thieves," "The Ghost of Greystone Grange," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER III.

## A SILENT WITNESS.



HEN I was seated in the carriage, for the first time since meeting with Alec Ainsworth, I had leisure to collect my thoughts. I could scarcely believe my own senses. Here was I, a staid, middle-aged Scottish doctor, suddenly plunged in the midst of a sensational romance. Incident had followed incident so rapidly that I was perfectly bewildered. Only a few hours ago I was standing in front of the display of pictures outside the Morgue, objectless; and now I was pledged to discover one suspected murderer's whereabouts, to save another suspected murderer's life, and to look after a young lady I had not only never seen, but of whose existence I had been absolutely ignorant as near back as yesterday. It seemed incredible that I, John Gordon, should have so far committed myself. And yet I scarcely regretted it. I had very few friends: my life had been spent in the cause of science, and there had not been much romance in it; so I accepted the situation without sorrow. After all, I was doing a good action, and that was a satisfaction. My time was my own. It was Christmas; why should I not keep the festive season by trying to make these people happier?

When I got to this point my cab had stopped. We had reached 373 Rue de l'Arcade, the residence of Miss Merton. I alighted and paid my fare. Then I applied to the *concierge*.

"Yes, Mademoiselle was at home."

"No, M. le Major had not returned. The poor child was all alone."

"He would ask if Mademoiselle would receive me."

I sent up my card and the brief note Ainsworth had intrusted to me, and waited for the return of the *concierge*. In a few minutes the old man came back to me with the message that the young lady would see me at once.

The Merton apartments were on the third étage. Outside the door leading to the rooms were a number of packing cases, labeled with the name of "Dormer," evidently the property of the Australian adventurer. I passed through the passage and entered the sitting-room.

"I wish to see me?"

I had never beheld a lovelier face. I do not know how to describe beauty. Engrossed in my profession, I have regarded a woman's face as merely a skull covered with so much flesh and skin. Perhaps a disappointment (I believe that is the correct word) I experienced early in my life may have had something to do with this indifference. Be this as it may, I am indifferent—as a rule. However, the beautiful face of Mary Merton had a strange effect upon me. I felt that I would do much, go through much, to serve her.

"You wish to see me?" she repeated, pointing to a chair, "and you bring me an introduction from Mr. Ainsworth. You are welcome; my father is away, or he would welcome you also."

"I am sorry to say I am the bearer of bad news—Mr. Ainsworth is unable to see any one."

"Ill!"

"I am a doctor, and I repeat he must not see any one. However, he is under my care, and I hope for the best."

"But I must go to him, indeed I must."

"When I tell you, my dear young lady, that your presence might do him harm, I am sure you will not press the matter further."

Her eyes filled with tears. She evidently was deeply distressed. I could not help sighing—I know not why.

"You have heard nothing of your father?" I asked, as much to change the subject as to obtain information.

"Nothing; but that does not cause me serious alarm. Papa is very fond of taking an excursion, and when he is away is dreadfully remiss in writing. I have no doubt he is at this moment enjoying himself with Mr. Dormer."

As she spoke the image of the dead man lying in the Morgue rose before me.

"And now I have to ask you a favor," I said. "I have already told you that Mr. Ainsworth is my patient: will you become a patient too?"

"You will have little trouble with me," she replied, with a smile. "I am thankful to say that I am never out of health."

"To keep that health you must take exercise. You have not been out to-day. Let me prescribe a walk. If you will permit me, I will await your return. I have some letters to write. When you come back you shall send a short note to Mr. Ainsworth, and when he is able to receive it I will give it to him."

She remonstrated, but I was firm.

"I had expected Alec—" she began.

"I have told you he cannot come. Why not take the wife of the *concierge* with you? Allow me;" and with this I left the room, and with a five-franc piece overcame the door-keeper's scruples about allowing his wife to leave her post. The fact was,

knew that the time was running short, and that the agents of the police might be expected at any moment. When I returned, I begged Miss Merton to get ready, in a tone of gentle command that is incidental to a doctor's calling.

"Well," she said, "Alec tells me that I am to obey you, so I suppose I must submit."

A quarter of an hour later the agents of the police were inspecting everything. We passed from the *salon* into the apartment of the Major. They opened every drawer, and found nothing. Then they entered Miss Merton's room.

"Surely this is sacred," I said.

"Our orders, doctor, are to disturb nothing," replied one of the police agents politely: "the most superficial inspection will be sufficient."

Once more the drawers were opened and closed. The result, *nihil*.

"What room is this?" asked the same man, standing before a door.

"I will see," I replied, and entered an apartment which was divided from the rest of the bedrooms by a passage. In a moment I understood that this was the bedroom of the murdered man. It was in some confusion: the chairs were not in their places, and on the floor lay an envelope, the superscription on which startled me. Before it could be discovered by the police I had picked it up and placed it in my pocket.

This time the officers were more diligent in their search. Again they looked into the drawers, and then proceeded to seal them.

"The owner will not require the apartment again," added the chief constable, with a grim smile, "so we shall put him to no inconvenience."

Shortly after this the men took their departure, carrying with them an inventory they had made of the contents of the entire suite.

Once more I was alone, and I looked out of the window. It was growing dark—too dark to read. The fire, with its smoldering blocks of wood, gave but little light. In the center of the room was a gas chandelier. I felt in my pockets for a piece of paper. My hand touched an old envelope: I drew it out, and, twisting it up, made it into a squill. As I lighted the gas I cursed myself for my folly. I had used the envelope that had caused me so much uneasiness.

"Well," I said to myself after a moment's thought, "perhaps it is better as it is. What was the good of keeping it? It is better destroyed. It is a link in a chain that had best be severed."

I had seated myself at the table, and was making a pretense of writing when Miss Merton returned.

"And now you must wait while I write to him," she said. "But it is cruel of you to keep me from him."

I again assured her that I was acting wisely. I told her that the separation would not be for long. And as I watched her at her desk, I could not help conjecturing whether he was really worthy of her. I could not help contrasting him with myself, and as a looking-glass assisted me, to my own detriment. He was young, handsome, and I—was many years his senior.

When she had finished her letter she handed it to me with a grateful smile. She looked into my eyes, and told me that she felt that I was a true friend and that she could trust me. I pressed her hand and left her.

I have a very faint recollection how I spent the evening. I suppose I dined, and I fancy I must have gone to a theater. But I was unversed and unlike myself. I could not have believed that I could have been so much moved. And by a mere acquaintance?

For what did I know of Alec Ainsworth? Why should I interfere with his affairs? What claim had he on me? And then the sorrowful face of Mary Merton rose before me, and I resolved that, come what would, I would do all I could to serve her.

The next morning I was myself once more. I remembered that at one of the trials in which I had been engaged as a witness, an English detective had been examined at the same time as myself. I called to mind that this man had told me his name and address, and informed me that his duties kept him constantly in Paris. With the prejudice of a Briton, who believes in nothing foreign, I came to the conclusion that this man would be of greater assistance to me than any number of Frenchmen, so I determined to call upon him. I had little trouble in finding him. He lived "on the other side of the Seine," close to the Rue du Bach, the street in which the body of Dick Dormer had been discovered. He greeted me cordially, and said he would be only too pleased to help me to the best of his power.

"Between ourselves, sir," said he, "it is terribly slow. All I have to do is to watch the Irish, and when you get to know them it goes against the grain to do them any harm. You see, sir, it's all right when you are actively employed—then everything comes in the way of business, and you would hang your own mother, if needs be; but it's different when you have to kick your heels about five days out of the six. Then it seems cruel to betray the chaps that trust you—not that I betray them much, as I am as well known to them as Charing Cross or Dublin."

Finding Mr. Armstrong in this favorable mood to listen to a story, I told him all I knew about the murder of Dormer, and asked him for his opinion.

"My opinion, sir, wouldn't be worth much until I had thought the whole matter over, and then I won't swear it would be better than any one else's. All we can do is to make inquiries. Of course, these Frenchmen have messed it: they mess everything. Why should they take him to the Morgue if they knew who he was? and why did they arrest Mr. Ainsworth haphazard like, when they suspected him from the first? If they believed what they heard from Naudin, why they had their man ready to hand; but why they should believe Naudin is quite another pair of shoes."

"Who is this Naudin?" I asked.

"One of the greatest scoundrels in Paris. I wouldn't hang a cat on his testimony."

"And this is the man who is to bring Alec Ainsworth to the scaffold!"

"Well, you see, they must guillotine somebody, so why not he? It is not as if they had the Major."

"Do you think they will ever get the Major?"

"No, sir; I do not."

Further questioned on this point, Mr. Armstrong became very reticent, saying that he had only expressed an opinion for what it was worth. He then suggested we should pay the gambling-house in the Rue du Bach a visit.

"These Frenchmen are sure to have overlooked something. No one knows but what we may pick up a clew. At any rate, it is worth a trial, sir."

So we started for the gambling-house. The Rue du Bach was, like other streets in the St. Germain quarter of Paris, of the lower class. There were none of the palaces that nestle round the Church of St. Clotilde, and few places of business. In its near neighborhood was one of those numerous "allsorts" shops that rival our own co-operative stores in the magnitude and diversity of their resources. But there were *cafés* here and there, and it was in front of these *cafés* that my companion came to a stop.

"This is the place, sure enough, sir. At first glance it looks innocent enough, doesn't it?"

Mr. Armstrong was right. There was nothing remarkable about the gambling-house at a first glance.

"We will not go into the *café* part, sir, but try something better. I know the geography, and, with luck, we may have a private inspection."

Avoiding the open door, and leaving the sleepy waiters yawning over their work, Mr. Armstrong tried another entrance at the side. The portal yielded; it was not locked; we passed a short passage, and going up a couple of flights of stairs, were soon in a large room, in the center of which was a green baize-covered table.

"This is where business is conducted," said Mr. Armstrong; "many a last franc has been lost here, and many a candidate for the Morgue has spent his remaining moments in the land of the living. But we have not seen all."

And my companion approached another door leading into an inner room, used for a bedchamber. There was nothing to attract particular attention in this place. It was furnished after the fashion of French hotels of the fourth grade. Bed, wash-hand stand, table, chairs. Near the mantle-piece, on either side, were large glasses set in the wall, serving as mirrors to reflect the full height of a human figure. These glasses were bound in iron frames, studded with knobs of some different metal.

Armstrong quickly tapped with his clenched fist the walls from right to left, and then from left to right.

"Nothing hollow," he observed; "this is solid brickwork."

"What are you doing here?" asked a man entering the room and speaking roughly.

"No harm," replied Mr. Armstrong. "Perhaps you know me: I belong to the English police."

"Do you? Well, that doesn't make you more welcome. We have enough of our own police, without having to go to foreign countries to import strangers."

"Come, come, my boy," replied Mr. Armstrong, "don't lose your temper. I am perfectly well-known at the Prefecture, and you will not improve your position with the powers that be by showing me discourtesy."

"I don't want to show you discourtesy," surly answered the man; "still, if you did want to see these rooms, you might as well have asked me to show you over them."

"I was anxious not to give you trouble."

"No trouble. But what do you want? This is not the time to see our establishment in full swing—you know that as well as I do. If you wish to take your friend the rounds, come a little later."

"Thank you very much; perhaps I may. By the way, it is just possible you may know something of a matter in which we both take an interest. Did two Englishmen pay a visit to the tables three nights since?"

"Very likely; lots of Englishmen pay us visits."

"But one of these men was found mur-

dered outside this house, and the other has disappeared."

"Very likely," said the waiter, tartly; "we are not responsible for anything that happens outside our premises. That is the specialty of the maison."

"Well, well, you know best. If you think it is wise to be unpolite, be it so. But I should have thought it would have been worth your while to be civil to an agent of police, even though he should be an Englishman."

"I don't want to be unpolite," replied the waiter, with a grumble. "If you ask me general questions, you must expect general answers. If you are deeply interested in the adventures of these two gentlemen, go to the Prefecture; they know all about them there. I know they gave us a great deal of trouble before we were rid of them."

"Well, we will detain you no longer," said Mr. Armstrong, who had been standing with an escritoire carelessly turning over the leaves of a blotting book. "And they made no stay here?"

"Have I not already said 'No'?"

"Well, we are at your service; let us go."

(To be continued.)

## THE LIBRARY.

For those who relish the hair-lifting, the intense and the weird, in French literature, "Tales for a Stormy Night," just issued by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, will be a rare and select treat. It consists of translations from the French of Tourgueniev, Balzac, Merimée and Alphonse Daudet. The English of the translation is above the average.

"Liberty and Life," by E. P. Powell, is strong, original, deep and freely interspersed with striking thoughts and pantomimes for the social and religious reformer and specialist. The views are advanced radical.—Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street.

"John Auburntop, Novelist," by Anson Uriel Hancock, is a work whose title might be supplemented by the explanation that it is a collection of essays on geology, monistic evolution, and *belle-lettres*, with a brief, pell-mell narrative of an unhappy love affair incidentally thrown in. As the custom is growing which makes the novel as little narrative as possible, it were useless to object to the essays. The love affair, however, calls for a word or two. The lovers give each other up at the last minute, and marry where love does not call, being yet the best of friends. If a loveless marriage brings unhappiness, "incompatibility," and finally divorce, and if we consider that divorce has become almost a necessity of modern married life—perhaps, Mr. Anson Uriel Hancock has struck the real lead to a realistic love plot. Perhaps the majority of modern marriages are loveless! But to wind up a novel with hero and heroine both resignedly married to "others," was a bold stroke on the part of this new and rather enterprising writer.

"Huckleberries, Gathered from New England Hills," by Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This is a charming collection of short stories, told in the author's best vein. To tell a short story well is a born gift, and Rose Terry Cooke owes her delightful style to her fairy godmother.

"The One Hoss Shay," with its Companion Poems, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A very elegantly bound volume and admirably illustrated. A nice gift-book.

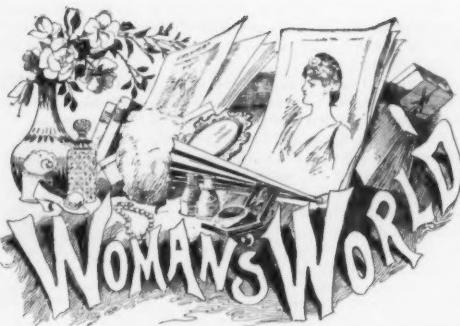
"Betty Alden: A Story of the Pilgrims," by Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The reader is transported back to Plymouth in the days of Miles Standish, and the story is admirably told, albeit in the quaintness of speech of that trying and desperate time.

"Countess Erika's Apprenticeship," translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Mrs. A. L. Wister, is a remarkable performance. This author has the rare power of investing the common incidents of everyday life with a charm usually supposed to belong to sensational and tragic happenings only. There is much in this book to remind one of the best passages in "Vanity Fair."—Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Gemma: A Story of Italy," by T. Adolphus Trollope, is intense, in many places dramatic, even if not strictly true. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

"Joe Brown, Doctor, on Alcoholism, its Cause and Cure," is a contribution to temperance physiology containing nothing special or original. The style is attractive, and in places, quite sensational. New York: E. Scott, 134 West Twenty-third street.

THREE POZZONI'S POINTS  
COMPLEXION  
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.  
THREE White, 1/2 Flesh, 1/2 Brunette, 1/2  
POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS



OUR old friend, the homespun, comes out in a speckled aspect this year, with very indistinct lines of reddish-brown. For example, Malvern cloth is more tweed-like, and is chevron woven, but flecked as though seen in a snow-storm.

Here is a recipe for those who would like to make their own cologne water. To one-half gallon of alcohol put six drams each of oil of lavender, oil of bergamot and essence of lemon, two drams of oil of rosemary and twelve drops of oil of cinnamon.

There is a most execrable mode for skirts which has been struggling to come in, and has been seen here and there. It consists of a piece of brocade or embroidery—anything as long as it is different from the stuff of which the robe is made—forming a large point in front, which descends to quite the middle of the skirt, the latter being gathered in to the point. Never patronize this fashion, for its bad taste is on a par with its hideous appearance.

An "anti-bird in bonnet" league has been organized by a number of German ladies under the title of "Deutscher Bund gegen den Vogel Massenmorde für Modezwecke," the president of which is the Duchess of Mecklenburg.

Boston boasts of a woman cabinet-maker, who has a studio in the Pierce Building, on Copley Square, and plies hammer, saw and chisel for Back Bay patrons. She has also several classes of fashionable girl pupils.

Coats are becoming longer day by day, and those of the fashionable woman have now almost as many tails as the bashaw of high degree. Triple hip basques have made their appearance, each overlapping the other. They have at least the element of novelty; but this will be a recommendation for but a limited period, as in a short time every one will have adopted them.

It is claimed for Miss Mary B. Beauchler that she is the pioneer woman stenographer of England. She became, several years ago, the shorthand secretary of the editor of the Birmingham *News*, and was subsequently engaged in general reporting.

Among the oddities in bonnet architecture, is a rather large capote made of soft felt and velvet, with a jet ornament in the shape of a swan's neck in front and a Prince of Wales plume at the back.

One of the prominent preachers of North Dakota is Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, a young woman who stepped from a newspaper office into the pulpit. She is said to be successful in her new field, and is popular with her congregation.

Gloves are worn long when the sleeves are short, or only coming to the elbow, and pearl gray and silver gray are the shades preferred. The same shades are used for day wear, but then they are short as the sleeves are long. Gloves with Monsquetaire gauntlets are worn, but not so much as was expected.

"There is a great chance for old maids in the Argentine Republic," remarked Henri Bosquet, of Buenos Ayres, in conversation with a Chicago *Tribune* man. "There are about sixteen men to one woman there, and the unmarried males are more than anxious to secure wives. This is especially true of my city. When a 'new woman,' as we call the welcome arrival, comes to town, about fifty men make a wild effort to secure her. It is quite an interesting contest, and the one who captures the prize is looked upon as something of a hero. The local papers write columns about it, and about everybody in the city turns out to the wedding. It doesn't matter much about the woman's age or looks; she is received with open arms and married off in a jiffy to some real nice man. The woman will have about fifty good-looking suitors to pick from, so she need not be anxious about not finding the kind of a man she wants. The love-making doesn't last long, however. Three days is the usual limit."

Crimped rose petals forming a thick rosy ruching around the foot of an evening dress of pink silk mull is a novel fancy, and the idea was carried out in a long boa made of the smaller petals thickly strung together.

A blonde girl at a swell ball recently appeared in a gown of pale green chiffon made in such a manner that the slightest movement caused the billowy folds to rise and fall like waves upon the ocean. It was garlanded with great waterlilies and long fringes of pendant grasses, which caused the wearer to look like a naïad newly risen from the depths of the sea.

Honeycomb counterpanes that have become worn in spots and are of no use for bed-coverings should be cut up for towels and wash-rags. The irregular surface of the material makes it a very good substitute for Turkish towels. Neatly hemmed, they will last a long time.

To clean brass bird-cages wash in cold suds and while still damp rub with whiting, then with a flannel, and finish polishing with tissue paper, or wash, wipe dry, rub with kerosene.

Ball gowns of chiffon are lovely to behold, but alas! like most lovely things, extremely perishable; it is necessary that yards and yards of this airy fabric should be used to make it effective, but it must be confessed that nothing surpasses it in becomingness and beauty.

Have you seen the "Helyett" belt? It is a new importation and consists of a pointed band of silk or velvet, studded with jet or precious stones, and edged with the same decoration. From its lower edge falls a fringe of the same stones, graduated in size, and finished at the end of each strand with a long-pointed tag.

The examination of meat in the packing-houses of Milwaukee, Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City, is done exclusively by young women. The work is exceedingly minute and trying.

The metal trimmings so much in vogue last year will be sparingly used, and the use of jeweled trimming in evening wear seems to have given way to spangled nets and chiffons, which will be used with delicate-hued satins.

Sara Bernhardt, who has for several years entertained a nervous fear that she will perish through fire, has commissioned a Lyons manufacturer to make for her some fire-proof materials, to be used for her stage dresses. The material is made fire-proof by being impregnated with some chemical substance, and several Parisian ladies of fashion have followed the example of Madame Bernhardt.

Brown furs are more fashionable than any other, and are even used in evening dresses. A striking costume seen lately in a theater box was of heavy white crepon, trimmed with bands of otter; the ornament worn in the hair consisted of several tufts of fur, surmounted by a feathered heron's aigrette.

The nattiest gloves worn at the present time are pale gray with all black stitching.

An old-fashioned adjunct for the toilet-table which has come once more suddenly into vogue is the large-sized pin-cushion with its ample supply of pins.

There is a prominent doctor in Boston who insists on his wife dusting and sweeping one room in her house every day without one stitch of clothing on. He says it is the only way to give every muscle full play.

The woman who "can't sleep" will be helped by a sponge bath, followed by a gentle exercise with Indian clubs, just before retiring.

There is something new in the way of a bow-knot. It is made of a blue and pink enamel of the most delicate shades. The ribbon has many bends and curves in it, and just where the knot is tied is a brilliant diamond.

You can clean collars on woolen jackets, men's coats, etc., by sponging with ammonia and water, then with alcohol, then rub dry with a flannel cloth.

The zigzag pattern in dress material is decidedly the thing. The pattern is in all sizes and shades and is fashionable whether in woolen, silk, satin or velvet.

For pimples use clover tea and camphorated vaseline.

Those little beauty spots on ladies' veils, which were supposed to look like patches of court plaster on the fair skin, have found a successor at last. The spot fashion had its drawbacks. The veil was liable to twist around, and no matter how carefully that spot was located, it was almost sure to move so that it came on the top of the wearer's nose. Its successor is a dainty spray of flowers or a leaf worked on the gauze.

Here is the latest list of the wealthiest women in the United States: Mrs. Hetty Green is credited with a fortune of \$40,000,000 in her own right; Miss Elizabeth Garrett has \$20,000,000; Mrs. Edwin Stevens, \$16,000,000; Mrs. John C. Green, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, \$10,000,000; Mrs. John R. Barton, \$6,000,000; Mrs. Thomas Scott, \$5,000,000; Mrs. William Armour, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Terry, \$20,000,000, while Mrs. Terry's baby daughter, three years old, distances all competitors by having wealth in her own right valued at \$50,000,000.

Heliotrope is one of the passing fancies of to-day, but is not in as good taste as several shades of the same color, which always have an artistic effect. Green and brown are mingled with charming results, and we have the woodland hues of spring combined with the rich russet brown of late autumn.

The following is a good recipe for shampoo liquid: Carbonate of ammonia, one drachm; carbonate of potassium, one drachm; water, four ounces; tincture of cantharis, one drachm; alcohol, four ounces; rum, one and a half pints. Dissolve the carbonates in the water, shake well before using, moistening the scalp well with this till a lather forms. Wash in cool water and rub until dry.

To restore scorched linen, peel and slice onions, extract juice by pounding and squeezing; add to juice one-half ounce fine white soap, cut fine; two ounces Fuller's earth; one-half pint vinegar; boil all together. When cool, spread on linen and let dry. Wash article as usual, boiling well; and, unless it has been so burned as to have broken threads, the stain will have disappeared. A slight scorch will disappear by exposing to strong sun.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

Cashmere shawls are made of the hair of a diminutive goat found in Little Tibet.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit-stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

In Austria women are employed to carry mortar and bricks to the builders. They work from seven in the morning till six at night, with one hour at noon, and receive twenty cents a day. Most of these female hod-carriers are unmarried.

Even lamb's trotters are made to subserve to the purpose of adornment, three of them being set upright on the back of a hat of rich ponceau velvet, which was bordered with Persian lamb.

There are now thirty-two regular women physicians in India, seventy-two missionary physicians, and nearly two hundred women medical students in the India medical schools. All this has been brought about by Lady Dufferin's efforts and the fund which she established for that purpose.

Illinois has surpassed all other States in giving women representation among her State Commissioners for the World's Fair and appropriating eighty thousand dollars for their especial use.

The latest novelty in mantles is the return of the graceful Talmans. These are very deep capes, cut on the cross, and cleverly arranged to fall into natural folds, and, though perfectly plain on the shoulders, they are about five yards round at the lower part, and can be thrown back over the shoulder. They are made in cloth, plush and velours du Nord, and are bordered round with fur; some are even lined with fur.

Never use a brush to silk—it injures the goods. Instead, wipe carefully with the face of a soft piece of velvet.



MISS LOTO ROBINSON,  
A type of Southern beauty.

The Old Country custom of always having marmalade for breakfast is so excellent that it should obtain in this country. In many families in England the jam-pot is a regular feature of the morning meal. To vary the supply of this article apple marmalade may be easily prepared as follows: One-half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, three pounds of apples. Season with lemon and stew quietly until they form a sort of marmalade.

Boil the hominy, for hominy croquettes, until thoroughly done. Then turn it out on a plate to cool. To a pint and a half of hominy add a large pinch of salt, one spoonful of milk, three eggs well beaten, flour enough to roll the croquettes into shape, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Cook in a deep frying-pan full of boiling fat. When they are nice light-brown, remove from the fat and let them drain a few minutes before serving.

A bit of charcoal put in the saucepan with your cabbage destroys much of the disagreeable odor usually pervading the atmosphere at such times.

The Wyoming Legislature has passed a law taxing bachelors two dollars a year. Let others follow suit.

It is said that if a scar is rubbed for five minutes night and morning with olive oil or lanolin it will gradually disappear.

Rose color is one of the predominating tints of the season, and it ranges from the dull burnt rose to the paler and more aesthetic tints which resemble the hue upon the curled petal of a Catherine Mermet rose. Sometimes only a suggestion of this tender tint appears, perhaps, in a lining or a fold, which brightens up a somber dress with its delicate tones.

White liquid for stamping with perforated paper patterns on dark goods: Use white lead mixed with dry gum-arabic powder, which goes through the perforations and is attached to the material by pressing with a hot iron.

Young girls of the present day completely destroy their hair by crimping it with irons and twisting it up tightly with thick hard hairpins. This treatment may make the hair look pretty for the time being; but no thought is given as to the ultimate result and the appearance it will present a few years hence. The hair should be well brushed every night and morning with a moderately hard brush—brushes made with short unbleached bristles are the best—and, on retiring to rest, the hair should be drawn back lightly over the ears, plaited in one long plait, and allowed to hang down the back; it should not be fastened up with hairpins, nor should any cap or covering be worn on the head. This method makes the hair bright and glossy without the aid of oils or pomades, which are best avoided. The fewer hairpins and ties used in dressing the hair, the better, and twisted hairpins are injurious. It is not well to continue the same style of dressing the hair for too long a period, as that is apt to make it thin in some places; a change is a relief to the head, and otherwise advisable. Cutting the hair occasionally is necessary, and should not be neglected.

Dr. Nettier, of Nancy, writes in the *Revue Médicale de l'Est* strongly recommending the oxymel scillætæ treatment of whooping-cough, with, where necessary, occasional ipecacuanha emetics, but without any of the usual pectoral sirups or cough-mixtures, which, from their containing morphia, tend rather to favor the clogging of the air-passages with mucus than to diminish the virulence of the disease. It is important, he says, that the squill should be given on an empty stomach. As it is prescribed only once a day, the afternoon is chosen, two or three hours after dinner and one or two hours before tea. It is not given all at once, but an ounce and a half is divided into six portions, one of which is administered every ten minutes. The success of Dr. Nettier's method is vouched for by Professor Remy and Schmitt, who have both used it extensively in their practice, and who state in a note appended



A Bridal Costume.

to the article that they have obtained the most satisfactory results. The preparation used is the oxymel scillætæ of the French Codex, which differs somewhat from the B.P. preparation, being composed of five hundred parts of vinaigre scillætæ to two thousand parts of white honey. The vinaigre scillætæ is similar to our acetum scillætæ, but is made by macerating one hundred parts of squill in twelve hundred parts of white vinegar, no spirit being added. Dr. Nettier mentions that the white vinegar he uses contains one hundred and seventeen grammes of acetic acid to the litre, the resulting oxymel scillætæ containing, as he finds, only about half that proportion of acid. All three authorities named insist on the importance of the exact preparation they use being employed.

Cashmere shawls are made of the hair of a diminutive goat found in Little Thibet.



Girl's Coat.

Costume for a Young Miss.

Save all your broken and crooked carpet tacks and keep them in a box in the kitchen for cleaning bottles. They are better than shot, for the sharp edges scrape off all the stains.

Madame Blouet, the accomplished wife of Max O'Rell, is a brunette, with dark-brown eyes, that speak almost as intelligently as her tongue. There is about her a combination of vivacity and quiet retirement seldom found, and the one quality vies with the other in conquests. In matters of dress, she is a thorough believer in the simple. She prefers black, although the dark shades of red and yellow become her extremely well in evening dress. She is very fond of needlework and drawing, and well versed in the modern languages and literature of Europe.



To train a child's ears close to the head.

In Chili's war with Peru, when men were scarce in the former States, girls were employed as street-car conductors. The experiment proved so satisfactory that the custom has been continued, and now on all lines one sees the girl conductors, in pretty blue flannel dresses, Panama hats and white frilled pinafores, which are liberally provided with pockets for carrying tickets and change. A little bag for lunch and handkerchief is strapped over the shoulder.

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DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

## DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

If you take the accommodation train at Baltimore and have patience, you will soon be in Havre de Grace. After you arrive in the town with a French name, you at once look around for some means of escape. I suppose you have come for duck-shooting—nothing else could bring people there this time of the year. The next thing is to find a yacht to take you to the ducking-grounds, which begin some four or five miles below Havre de Grace, on what are called the "flats." It is the place where the Susquehanna empties its load of mud into the Chesapeake Bay. The wild celery, which, remember, does not look or taste like the table celery from Kalamazoo, here grows in abundance. The ducks, more particularly the canvas-back, feed upon this succulent plant, which imparts a flavor so toothsome to the epicure. The appetite of the red-head is more general, and that is one reason why he is not so popular a bird with high-livers as his aristocratic cousin. But if you open your mouth and shut your eyes, how many can tell the difference? Just dye the scarlet bill of the red-head a bluish-black (as it is whispered some artists do) then you have a canvas-back, and no mistake.

This little matter of duck-shooting will cost you a pretty penny. The owners of boats at Havre de Grace have a sneaking idea that all New Yorkers are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. That is where they make a mistake, as we know; but who is going to remove that flattering impression of us, or disabuse their untutored minds? No one. The fact is, many boat owners have been spoiled by prodigal city sports, who "pay the freight," like our friend Jones. Why should a man out for ducks look at the color of his money? Let him stay at home, if he wants to lay up treasure or buy an insurance policy. There are many gunners who live in a yacht at an expense of forty and fifty dollars a day. If they can afford it, that is their business. Some of the yacht-renters lay in a stock of champagne and cigars, and the ducking trip to such fellows is simply a brief and happy picnic. Then there are many gentlemen from large cities, from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, who keep their own yacht at Havre de Grace the year round. They are on the grounds at the opening of the season, and often remain until early in December. Most of them invite a party of friends, to whom a lavish hospitality is extended at the club-house. So you see that duck-shooting on the flats is fast becoming for outsiders a sport in which only men of money can indulge to any great extent.

However, neither the yacht question nor the question of money greatly troubled our party. Captain Chamberlain had on board the *Widgeon* an invited party; so did Captain Myers, of the *Lilly*, and New Yorkers, too. Some of the gunners were near-sighted, and couldn't see a duck if they stepped on one—that is, without their glasses. The gray dawn of the morning found us on the flats ready for

blood and thunder. It was decided to gun from the boat, though two of the party put off in a sneak-boat. Then every one of us, like Brer Rabbit, lay low. For a long time it was rather annoying and disappointing, to say the least, to hear "bang—bang!" in the distance, and not a duck in sight. The wooden decoys brought no luck or live ducks, and, once or twice, I felt like shooting, just for fun. There was a good time coming. A flock of flying birds came our way, came within the range of our breech-loaders, and, as they were going to settle to alight in the water, bang went our guns, and no one would own up that they could have missed the game. Several paralyzed ducks floating on the water proved all assertions. The sport continued until late in the afternoon, when we returned with over forty dead ducks in the boat, counting us all; only two were canvas-backs, the others red-heads and black-heads.

There are several methods of gunning for ducks in vogue. The "sneak-boats" are covered with brush and branches in the bow, where the gunner is screened from view. When the ducks alight among the decoys, the other man at the oar rows silently and slowly within range, and then the gunner fires. The "sink-boat" is a coffin-shaped craft that sinks to the level of the water.

The outriggers are covered with canvas in order to prevent filling. From one hundred to three hundred decoys are placed around the boat. Then the gunner stretches himself out at full length on his back, and awaits developments. He has signals for his companions to come and gather the game.

The trouble is, the Susquehanna ducks know too much. True, they are deceived by decoys, but that is because they want to be sociable. Some ducks can spy a gun a quarter of a mile away. The wild celery must sharpen their wits. The next time you go duck-shooting, take a gun that carries shot and kills half a mile off. Then you will bring home some ducks for yourself, and a pair or two for friends.

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